Renaissance

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Renaissance

by TigerPrawn

Summary

I don't know if I can save myself. Maybe that's just fine.

Hannibal Bingo Prompt: Renaissance AU.

Notes

Latest installment on my @hannibalbingo card: Renaissance AU.

Ok, this one got out of hand lol. My thought process went Renaissance = rebirth = eggpreg = eldritch horror. Sorry.

Hannibal Bingo

Lenny (Bleeder)	Teen Parent Will Graham	Lesbian Freddie Lounds	Armor (HEU)
Harem	Over-the-Knee Spanking	Ménage à Trois	Will's Shed
"All I need is to get one hand free"	Renaissance AU	**Free Space**	The Tree Man Tableau
"You're cute for an older guy" (Polar)	"Life didn't seem to be going his way"	A Good Finger-Wagging	Harpy Knife

Will had been underwater before, of course.

But nothing compared to this. The hard crash against the surface and then sucked down into the oppressive ocean. He was barely beneath the surface and yet the pressure was intense. It felt inescapable. He went calm, resisting the urge to scramble towards the surface.

That was when he felt movement next to him. Hannibal.

He reached out, expecting to feel human flesh, but instead there was something else. A limb, hot to the touch. Will opened his eyes against the burning salt and took in the sight before him. Processed the words in his head.

Fallen angel, I've been called. Devil. Demon. Inhuman. Not all correct, but not entirely wrong.

It was Hannibal's voice in his head, and it took him a moment to realise that the creature in front of him *was* Hannibal. For creature it now was. A mass of limbs and eyes, skin like an oil slick and a great maw for a mouth.

I have walked this earth for millennia, in one form or another. And the time for this form is done.

Will blinked, the remaining air in his lungs was burning.

What was once Hannibal was bleeding, and where the blood leeched, the flesh withered but he showed no sign of pain.

I had hoped for more time with you, the first human I have ever wished to know better. I had hoped this would happen many long years from now.

In his mind, Will was screaming, wanting to know what it was that Hannibal meant. What was happening. His chest ached and he felt like it might explode at any moment unless he drew breath.

It will just be a moment, my dear Will

When the limbs encircled him, taking tight hold of him, Will had no energy left to struggle. Blood seeped from his own wounds, floating like red clouds in the water around him. He felt moments away from taking in a breath, welcoming the water into his lungs. Leaving the horror of all this behind him.

He closed his eyes.

Hannibal was standing in the doorway, wet and naked as though he'd just stepped out of the shower.

You'll help me live on. Be reborn to walk the earth again as I have, over and over. Though without you, it will be much less interesting. Hannibal said all this as he approached, though his mouth did not move.

It was only as he lay over him that Will realised he was also naked, spread on a bed. Fine, high thread count sheets in a room that, having never seen it, Will still knew to be Hannibal's bedroom in his Baltimore house.

Perhaps it is better this way, whilst your body is still young and vital

Will was achingly hard, as he spread his legs. He'd never been with a man before, but whatever this was between him and Hannibal, it felt like this was where it was always going to go. That he would eventually welcome Hannibal inside his body as he did now.

He felt it. Whatever it was. As Hannibal kissed him and their bodies writhed together in mutual lust, he felt Hannibal push inside him. It was his cock, or a tentacle, or something. It was all those things and more all at once, and it felt amazing.

His chest was tight, growing tighter, tighter. But all the same, Will moaned and clutched at Hannibal's back as he thrust into him. Deeper and deeper.

I shall plant myself within you, and through you I will be reborn. You will be my renaissance.

There was pleasure with the pain, as Will felt himself stretched, wider and wider, from rim to gut. And then he felt the pressure of something large, felt the seed, the egg, being placed at his centre. He came as Hannibal deposited it inside his body, crying out so that the last bit of air left his lungs.

Hannibal was floating away from him.

He slipped from Will and his body began to wither and shrivel, as death overtook that form.

Will sucked in water, filling his lungs, unable to keep it out any longer. His hands went to his abdomen, where he felt the swell of the thing within him. Of Hannibal's new form.

This was always going to happen, Will realised. Whether now or in forty years. Whether in the ocean or in each other's arms as Hannibal drew his last human breath. This had always been his fate - to love a monster and beget another.

His lungs full, Will began to sink, the surface growing ever distant as his own body followed Hannibal's dead husk into the depths.

It felt like an age before he lost consciousness. And in that moment there was a crack and his body split open. As Will's lifeless form reached the bottom of the ocean and sank into Hannibal's waiting arms, the creature that had burst from within him screeched.

It looked back for a moment at its parents, their bodies entwined, and wondered if it would ever find love like that again.

It swam until it reached a sandy shore far from anything it had known before. And as it pulled itself along on flailing limbs, they became two legs. And as it walked further inland it remembered language. And when it came across a small village it remembered hunger. So it ate.

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